TUCKETT. BINDER. BRITISH MUSEUM

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maiestie vouchsafe me.
Qu. Was that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue, I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our shew.
Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will doe so.
Brag. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euery tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer Smockes:
The Cuckow then on euery tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom bearés Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who:
A merrie note.
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exunt omnes.

FINIS.